

Within the Clinic.

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Within the Clinic.

by [BornOfFire](#)

Summary

A lone survivor searches for medicine in an infested clinic.

Notes

Hey. I felt really bad for not updating My Brother's Keeper in awhile. I'm struggling with writers block. I found this old one-shot though, and I realized it would be perfect for Halloween! So I hope you guys can enjoy this at least!

Sorry if it's not good though. Quackity is a little hard to write. Spanish isn't my first language either, so I hope those parts are fine! I hope you guys will like this little story!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Twitching forms spasmed and shuddered as their slow lumbering footsteps noisily echoed through dusty halls.

The building was not empty like the survivor had hoped. No, instead he stumbled across what could only be described as a *nest*.

Bits of flesh and gore covered the floors while smears of black and red painted the walls. Decaying bodies that were too gruesomely destroyed to come back were just rotting in corners. Abandoned meals in the hope of something fresh. The stench, and sound of flies were revolting.

Keeping his mouth covered by a scarf, the young man couldn't afford to make a sound. Small ones were excusable, these *things* weren't exactly the brightest, but one step too loud, or a cough, then every single occupant will be alerted to his presence.

Luckily their own vile noises helped mask the sound of his movement.

It always struck him as odd. These reanimated corpses moan so pitifully. Sounding more like injured, or sickly individuals. He swears he's even heard them cry and speak before. Albeit the words were garbled, and weak. Though once those empty black eyes are fixed on you, they're anything but tragic. Groans becoming enraged shrieks, screams and growls. Nails and teeth cutting into anything they deem as food.

He found it hard to believe zombies were ever human. Their voices in passive may sound sad, but their faces are utterly blank. Soulless. Merciless.

They're not always angry when they kill either. Sometimes instead, there's just an eerie cold-blooded calmness..

Hiding behind a corner in the dark, the young man was desperate for some kind of escape. These creatures couldn't see too well, but their hearing is excellent, not to mention their sense of smell. If he'd been bleeding right now they'd be after him faster than a frenzy of angry sharks.

One stood nearby facing the wall. The undead's body shivered in a cold that the man could not feel. Its face unseen, but clearly dripping with blood. Evident by the slowly growing dark puddle in front of them. Each drip adding to its size.

If he got even a little bit of that stuff inside him, he can kiss his life goodbye. Perhaps find himself stumbling along just like them. Hell knows, his loved ones surely are.

Another one enters the room. Skin so pale it almost looked blue. Tainted black veins littering their body. Dagger-like teeth gnashing at the air, while blood dripped from their eyes, mouth, and nose. It came a little closer, and for a terrifying moment, he thought maybe it smelled him. Careful as possible, he burrows himself further into the corner. The form breathes a raspy breath. Head twitched, but it merely looked in his direction for a small second. Then it turned around and shuffled into the next room.

'Just get what you're looking for, and get the fuck out of here, man.' He tells himself. His friend is sick and needs antibiotics. Pneumonia it seems to be. He can't lose another person.

Resisting the urge to vomit, he tried to cover his ears at the sudden sound of a few in the next room eating. Gnawing and swallowing pieces of flesh, ripping and tearing as though their unfortunate meals were a five-star feast.

He wants to get out of here. Get as far away from this fucking place as soon as possible.. but he needs the medicine.

Charlie won't last long if it's something serious..

He can't lose another person. He fucking can't. If he had to risk his life in this death trap of a city, then so be it.

"O-O..ne.. t-tw..o.."

A faint mutter is heard across the room, snatching away his attention. There it is again. It's rare, but they do it sometimes.. they can still speak.

"F-F..our.. s-sev..en.."

It's the zombie facing the wall.

"F-Fi..ve.. t-th..ree..?"

A rough gasping noise was followed by a choking noise. He cringed as it doubled over and a fresh puddle of black spilled onto the floor.

Pangs of sympathy ran through Quackity. He tried so desperately not to feel bad for the creature. It would sooner tear him limb from limb than seek comfort or kind words.

It almost sounds like the walking corpse is trying to remember a breathing technique. A coping mechanism to calm itself down.. but it just can't count anymore. He's not even sure if the zombie is making a conscious decision to do this.

Moments like these are terrible. The survivor doesn't want to feel conflicted. He doesn't want to feel sorry for these things.

The people that the zombies used to be didn't get a choice in what they inevitably became. None of them did. Quackity knew that if they were aware of their actions, they'd probably be horrified. (*Though he swears he's seen some undead more ruthless than others. Even attacking their own kind over a meal.*) Who wouldn't?

Quackity's eyes shift back onto the bloody figure staring at the wall again. Its shivering appeared to be getting worse. Bloodied arms wrap around their sides, holding itself for warmth or comfort. Muffled sobbing, and panicked breathing came from the pathetic creature. Had it turned recently? Quackity swears that some of these things are more aware than others.

'Find the fucking medicine already, Deja de pararte.' The young man tries to push himself to leave, but it's so hard. There may only be one zombie in the room and it's clearly preoccupied with its own inner torment, but the fear of being caught is just so strong.

Life isn't a game. There's no saving or loading. No retry. If he gets bitten, scratched, or comes into contact with any of the stuff that drips from those corpses, then it's over.

With new resolve, the survivor grips his hunting knife, creeping as quietly as possible to get out of the room and back into the hallway. He needs to find where the doctors keep their medicine.. thankfully the only other occupant in the room was truly too absorbed with its predicament to notice.

Perhaps one of the examination rooms would be best to explore?

The darkness is difficult to maneuver in, but thankfully when you spend so much time exploring places without power your vision tends to get used to it. Only someone either brave or really stupid would fight these things without stealth. Most survivors tend to do things the hard way unfortunately.

He continues to move silently. He hears disgusting gurgles and more of those sickly moans. Their heavy footfalls on hardwood floor make his heart beat rapidly. He hoped none of them were heading his way.

Another room was close by. There was a sign on the wall saying "**room one.**" Pretty straightforward. Oh well, the sooner he gets out of this place the better. He heads inside.

More blood and death. God, this room contained a pile of bones. Some even showed signs of being broken apart, the hungry corpses trying to get to the marrow. This really was like a fucking nest. He had to stifle a breath when he saw two bodies slumped over on the table. Chunks had been taken out of their faces, one was missing an arm and the other was missing a leg. There was no precision in their removal, clearly messily torn out. Bites littered the victims, and their remains were visibly beginning to rot.

It looked as though they were placed in here as some sort of food storage.. at least he doesn't have to worry about them reanimating, but damn..

Quackity shakes his head, trying not to look at them any further. He pulled his scarf closer to his face, the stench of decay was disgusting. He just needed to get medicine, that's all. There's a cabinet on the wall, maybe there's antibiotics in there? Hell, he'll take some Ibuprofen too.

Carefully, he crept towards the cabinet, opening the doors. There's a lot of different pill bottles inside, along with liquid medicine. It's too dark to see, so the survivor pulls out a small flashlight and turns it on. Damn it, none of these are recognizable.

He sifts the bottles, there has to be something here. What kind of clinic doesn't have antibiotics or Ibuprofen? Frustration begins to take over, and at this point he's almost knocking them over trying to find something.

He can't lose Charlie. Fevers could get deadly, if he has pneumonia then he could fucking die. It's the apocalypse for goodness sake, something like that is way more serious now that there isn't accessible medical care.

It felt like forever until he finally found some antibiotics. There was no Ibuprofen but there was some children's Advil. Charlie is not a kid, but Quackity will take what he can get.

At least he can get out of this death trap now.. he just needs to be as quiet as-

A wet gurgle came from behind. Heavy raspy breathing. A zombie was right behind him and he never fucking heard it. How could he have been so careless? The young man knew better, he *knew* that the undead had exceptional hearing, that's why he tried to use stealth so often.

He whips his head around, and grips his knife right in his hand. Finding the twitching zombie by the wall staring at him incredulously. Quackity backs away, that thing is going to shriek and let all of its undead friends know that fresh meat walked in. A bead of sweat runs down his face, while the zombie continues to stare.

Quackity was prepared to jab his knife into the corpse's head, when he heard that weak voice from before again.

"*P-P..le..ase..*" It opened its mouth and a small river of blood dribbled from their mouth. Fresh stains of red and pieces of flesh stuck to its teeth. It must've eaten from either one of these bodies, or from one in an unseen room before he arrived. Their voice was a pleading croak, and immediately the survivor's panic switched to uneasiness.

"*H-H..elp .. me..*"

Again, they speak sometimes. Knowing that though doesn't make the experience any less unsettling, however.

He'll admit it, hearing one of them talk directly to him made him pause. It's not something Quackity is used to, and it's unusual for them to plead for anything.

Bleeding eyes land on the knife in the young man's hand, before shifting back onto his face. Somehow the survivor had a feeling about what it was going to request. Still, he fought the urge to crumble when he heard it beg.

"*D-Do.. i-it..*"

Its eyes were focused on the blade again. Transfixed on the cold steel. He saw their hands begin to shake, the zombie's body twitching just a bit more violently. Gritting those fanged teeth, it pleaded once more. Only this time, more desperately.

"*E-E..nd.. t-th..is..*"

Quackity obliged, raising his knife. The zombie closed its eyes, bracing itself.

"*T-Th..ank.. y-*"

He shoved the blade of his knife into the zombie's skull. It sunk into their flesh, and the corpse went still. Crumpling to the floor.

What the *fuck*.

God, Quackity wasn't prepared for that. Physically he was, but mentally? Not at all. Those few times he heard other zombies beg were only for a second, it was never this long. Never this *consistent*. Hell, this one didn't even fight back..

Part of him even felt guilty. To think that they're in so much anguish that they have to plead with someone to kill them.. the ones that aren't so aware must be a blessing in disguise to the undead.

A metallic scent filled the air. It mixed with the already noxious fumes that already befouled the room. Quackity tightens the scarf around his face to avoid breathing it in out of disgust.

Thank goodness the virus isn't airborne. Though that thought didn't bring him much comfort.

There's still other zombies in this clinic.

He just hoped he could escape without more flesh eaters catching him.

End Notes

Happy Halloween everyone! I hope you guys liked this one-shot. I might post more if it's requested. I have a lot that are saved in my Google docs! :D

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!